79h13 V11 P20—2

A

# Congratulary POEM

To His Royal Highness

# Prince GEORGE

OF

# DENMARK,

Lord High Admiral of Great Britain.

UPON THE

# Glorious Succeſſes at Sea.

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By N. Tate, Eſq; Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty.

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# To His Royal Highneſs

*The Moſt Illuſtrious*

# Prince GEORGE

## OF

## *DENMARK.*

BLeſs'd PRINCE! in Whom the Graces ſeem combin'd
To raiſe the ſinking Glories of Mankind;
Our Iron Age with Vertues to Adorn,
Like th' infant World's, e'er Guilt and Grief were born!

How dares a Rural Muſe approach your Court,
From Vales, where home-bred Nymphs and Swains reſort?
There let her entertain the penſive Hours
With ſympathizing Songs, in ſhady Bow'rs;
There let her act her Shepherdeſs's Part,
Where Innocence is Wit, and Nature Art.
To Villagers, in that forlorn Retreat,
Her Serious Antiquated Streins repeat,
And leave gay Rivals to careſs the GREAT.

Pretending Poet, (the griev'd Muſe replies)
With uncommiſſion'd Boldneſs you adviſe:
Without Offence I pay Attendance here,
When 'tis on Duty's Summons I appear;
For, tho' retir'd to ſolitary Groves,
The Palace ſtill my Sylvan Song approves:
*ANNA* and *GEORGE* indulge the gen'rous Lays
I ſing (UNRIVAL'D) in poor VIRTUE's Praiſe.
I love the Shades; but, from *Elyſian* Bow'rs
When Winter wreaths his hoary Head with Flow'rs;

When

When ſtarting Spring foreſtals the Bloom of *May*,
And Summer's Sweets, to crown the * Royal Day;
Or when I hear our *Britiſh* Ocean roar
His *GEORGE*'s Conqueſt to the ſhouting Shoar,
Muſt only I in ſhady Silence reſt,
And hear *my* Prince by all but me addreſt?
No, Shepherd; ſince ſuch charming Themes invite,
And I (tho' Rural) have a Muſe's Right;
Since ſure Diſgrace attends upon Deſpair,
And nobly they may Do, who nobly Dare:
Mounted on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
I'll ſally, and my Prince's Triumph ſing.

When vying Arts their proud Memorials raiſe,
Fanes, Arches, Trophies, Pyramids of Praiſe,
That *Time* may in His doating Days repeat
Invading GALLIA's ſcandalous Defeat,
Her Bold PRETENDER, and his Baſe Retreat:

* *The 6th of* February, *her Majeſty's Birth-Day.*

I'll fix my Pillar too, not wreath'd with Gold,
But ſuch a dazling Verſe, ſo juſtly bold,
As in the Front of *Fame*'s Records ſhall place
*GEORGE*'s Renown, and LEWIS's Diſgrace;
His *Babel*-Project in Confuſion hurl'd,
And from *Ambition*'s giddy Chariot, whirl'd
The *Phaeton* he rais'd to fright and fire the World.

Then think how graceful, how almoſt divine,
The gen'rous Guardian's Character will ſhine!
Therefore on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
I'll ſally, and the Beſt of Princes ſing.

What's that? The Beſt of Princes did you ſay?
See how your ruſtick Breeding you betray:
That an Encomium for a Muſe to pay?
Give Him the Title to his Station due,
The Beſt of Kings; yes, and of Emp'rors too;
Supream without the Pageantries of State,
Crowns, Scepters, that on vulgar Monarchs wait;

For

For Heav'n does to this Favourite impart
The Nobleſt Empire, ----- That of *ANNA*'s Heart;
That *Vertue*'s ſacred Provinces contains;
Where all the Bliſs of Paradice remains,
And of that EDEN He Sole Monarch Reigns.
Therefore proclaim Him (Muſe) from Pole to Pole,
Far as his Fleets can Sail, or Ocean rowl:
Tell *Eaſtern* Courts, for Grandeur ſo renown'd,
*Great Britain*'s *GEORGE* with *ANNA*'s Love is crown'd.

Hail! Royal PAIR, (thus *Hymen*'s heard to ſay;)
Hail! happy PAIR, that keep my Garland gay
And flouriſhing, as on the Nuptial-Day.
Freſh Glories ſpring with each advancing Hour;
Peace, Amity, and ev'ry gentle Pow'r,
For ever Smile, and Bleſs the Royal Bow'r.

*Great Britain*'s Tutelary *GEORGE* proclaim,
Succeſſor to Her Sacred Champion's Name,
And more than a Succeſſor to his Fame.

The

The Firſt did ERROR's creeping Serpent quell;
DISCORD's wing'd Dragon by the Second fell:
The Firſt prevail'd by TRUTH's refulgent Arms,
The next, by TRUTH's and MODERATION's Charms;
Charms, that with *ANNA*'s Sov'reign Influence join'd,
(Like Dew in ſome Cœleſtial Sphere refin'd)
Diſtilling from the Balmy Wings of *Peace*,
Made our Domeſtick Conflagrations ceaſe.

O! *Fame*, no longer boaſt your *Græcian* Pow'rs,
And mournful Fall of PRIAM's ſtately Tow'rs.
Muſt Miſchief a *Mæonian* Muſe employ?
Then what ſhould *Piety*, that quench'd our flaming TROY?

This Triumph for his riper Years Remain'd,
Whoſe Youth, in Field, the foremoſt Lawrels gain'd.
But 'tis not for a Paſt'ral Muſe to ſing
The reſcu'd Brother, and protected King.
O *Courage!* that *Bellona*'s Self amaz'd,
And ſtartl'd *Mars* upon the Wonder gaz'd;

Applauding

Applauding EUROPE Bleſs'd her *Northern* Star,
The *Phoſpher* to Her Juſt and Glorious War;
The Leading Light, that fir'd Her Sons of Fame;
From Hence *Marlburſan*, and *Eugenian* Flame.
In Camps let thoſe Illuſtrious Chiefs perſue
Their Glorious Game, with Conqueſts ſtill in View;
Storm Hoſtile Forts, Confed'rate Cities ſhield,
But, *Britain*, to your *GEORGE*'s Conduct yield
Your Floating Caſtles, and the Wat'ry Field.

Enamour'd *Thetis* courts Him with Succeſs,
And Victory, in ev'ry Change of Dreſs;
Sometimes She meets Him in Her Purple Pride,
Her Azure Waves in Crimſon Slaughter Dy'd:
Sometimes with Bloodleſs, Smiling Lawrels crown'd,
Like Thoſe our *Caledonian* * Coaſt renown'd.
With prouder Pomp Old Ocean never ſwell'd,
Than when the *Britiſh* Squadron He beheld;

* *The Chaſing the* French *Fleet*, &c. *from the Coaſt of* North Britain, *by Admiral* Bing.

No, not when *Venus*, with the Wat'ry Pow'rs,
Sprang from the Criſtal Cells, and Coral Bow'rs;
Whilſt Gliſt'ring Gems did ſuch a Luſter dart
As dazl'd Day, and made the Sun to ſtart.
But when He ſends his awful Summons round,
*Europe* and *Africk* tremble at the Sound.
*Fame*'s Pillars ſhake on Her *Atlantick* Shoar,
To hear Our *GEORGE*'s Naval Thunder roar
In freſh Exploits, where *Hercules* gave o'er.
The Sea, that Barrier to *Alcides* Toils,
Opens Her Guardian *GEORGE*, a new vaſt World of * Spoils.

Yes, Muſe, with ſuch delightful Terror Blaz'd
Our Furniſh'd Fleet, and in an Inſtant Rais'd;
Nor ſooner the bold *Leopard* did Advance,
But Her firſt Broadſide, from their flatt'ring Trance,
Scar'd into ſhameful Flight the Threat'ning Fiends of *France*.

* *The Man of War, and Barks with Proviſions, Ammunition, &c. lately taken from the* French *in the* Mediterranean, *by Admiral* Leake: *And the rich Merchant-Ships, by the Lord* Durſley, &c.

When.

When Tyrant-Courts plot ſome enormous Crime,
The Prodigy muſt be the Work of *Time*.
Law, Juſtice, Reaſon, Conſcience, Honour, All
Sad Victims to the Riſing *Moloch* fall.
But pious Princes, from Above are Taught
To give their Juſt Efforts the Speed of Thought,
And Miracles are in a * Moment wrought.

Such Wonders wait on His Electing Skill
Of † *Council* and *Commanders*, to fulfil,
With Faith and Fame, their Great Director's Will.

And You (replies the Muſe) would here Retreat?
No, Swain; your Garland is but half Compleat:
Arrears of Tribute you have yet to raiſe,
Will riffle all your Flow'ry Fields of Praiſe:
Your Elogy, to perfect this Eſſay,
Muſt, with the PRINCE, the Glorious MAN diſplay.

---

* *The wonderful Expedition in ſetting forth that Fleet.* † *Of the* Admiralty.

Beſides

Beſides Prerogatives of Pow'r and Birth,
Vaſt Provinces of Independant Worth,
Inherent Charms, that on His Perſon wait,
With Genuine Grandeur, and Pacifick State.
His Frame a Graceful Palace, and Deſign'd
The Manſion of a Truly Royal Mind;
Where Reaſon Reigns, and Paſſions never Move,
But by adjuſted Orders from Above.
Hence inward Peace the pious PRINCE Enjoys,
And with Succeſs Abraod, His Thoughts Employs;
Taught by Superior Judgment to Advance
Beyond the boaſted Progreſſes of *France*:
Yet *Policy*, to TRUTH's ſtreight Courſe confines,
By HONOUR's Compaſs ſteers his vaſt Deſigns;
Shunning thoſe Rocks, where ſhifting Stateſmen ſplit,
With Double Wreck of Honeſty and Wit.
While He, with fav'ring Gales of Fortune drives,
And Proſp'rouſly at the wiſh'd Port arrives.

A cloſe Spectator of the World's Great Stage,
Yet ne'er Tranſported with its Mirth or Rage;
But, from its Failures, Obſervation draws
To act a Part that wins the World's Applauſe;
Does Precedents to ev'ry Station give,
How Monarchs ought to Reign, and Subjects Live;
How Clemency can Princely Port maintain,
And Sov'reignty, by Condeſcending, gain:
In Court, more Morals has to Practice brought,
Than *Cynick* Schools and Cloyſters ever Taught.
Only the Vertue's and the Grace's Train,
Into His Favour can Admittance gain,
While *Syren*-Pleaſures Sing, and Smile, in Vain.
Where Pride Controuls, Duty at Diſtance Stands,
But a cloſe Waiter on His juſt Commands;
Pleas'd with His Mandates, to Her Poſt She moves,
Like *Zephyrs*, Order'd to the Myrtle Groves.

On This lov'd Theme I could for ever dwell,
Might I but Here, as at my Rural Cell;

Far from my PRINCE's Ear, in bold Eſſays
Launch Out on the wide Ocean of his Praiſe;
( While *Philomel* forgets Her Savage Wrong,
And Widow'd Turtles liſten to My Song; )
But modeſt Merit, charm'd with juſt Applauſe,
When paid to Others, from its Own withdraws.

Well; I deſiſt; but my Devoted Heart
Inſiſts on Priviledge, and will not part;
She crys, 'tis Luke-warm Paſſion, that will preſs
No longer than Encourag'd to Addreſs.
But Raving Love will all Occaſions ſeize,
And ſometimes bravely venture to Diſpleaſe:
At leaſt the Gen'rous QUEEN will intercede,
And for a fond Offender's Pardon plead:
*ANNA*, the Gracious *ANNA*, will Forgive,
And kindly bid His poor Admirer Live.

Why ſhould He with extenſive Luſtre Shine,
And think our Admiration to Confine?

Whoſe

Whoſe Preſence, like the Sun, Our Grief beguiles,
And ſullen Care at His Appearance ſmiles:
The Pride of Nature, and the World's Delight,
Admir'd *Veſpatian* a leſs Charming Sight.
As Citizens Beſieg'd, to Turrets throng,
To ſee Their ſucc'ring Champion march along;
When He approaches, Our rouz'd Spirits riſe,
And wait Him at the Watch-Tow'rs of our Eyes.
The Stars, that with auſpicious Aſpect Blaze,
Look down, and with delightful Wonder Gaze
On Hours, might be in Royal Eaſe enjoy'd,
So Gen'rouſly in Publick Cares employ'd!
Yet, as we ſee the Vaſt Machine Above
Of Spheres and Stars, in Tuneful Order Move,
He works His Orb of Bus'neſs in a Courſe
Of Charming Movement, and Harmonious Force.

Such is my PRINCE, Mild as a Morning Ray,
As Ev'ning Calm, yet Active as the Day:

In

In Publick, for Majeſtick Grace Admir'd;
But More; Oh! More, than Mortal, when Retir'd.

Might I His Cloſet's Bleſs'd Receſs diſplay,
New Scenes of dazling Wonders You'd ſurvey!
O Swain! that Sanctu'ry Unveil'd, would ſhow
Deſcended Seraphs, and a HEAV'N Below.
There EUROPE's Patron Her juſt Cauſe ſupports,
By Correſpondence with Celeſtial Courts.
'Tis There the proſp'rous Schemes ---------
---------- Raſh Muſe, forbear;
'Tis Hallow'd Ground, and you approach too near.

I know't: --- Yet Zeal, fond Zeal, would ſtill Aſpire;
But Awful Rev'rence warns Us to Retire,
And at juſt Diſtance *Silently* Admire.

*POST-*

# POSTSCRIPT.

THE ſame Zeal and Veneration, that put the Muſe on This Eſſay of His Royal Highneſs's CHARACTER, made Her timerous of Publiſhing her Performance, tho' ſenſible that a Portraict of ſo Incomparable a PRINCE may be very ſhort of the ORIGINAL, yet an Agreeable Picture.

And, altho' 'twas Impoſſible to come up to the Graces of the *Life*, ſhe has ſet the moſt *Diſtinguiſhing* Features in the foremoſt Light, and particularly His PATRONIZING of PIETY and PUBLICK WELFARE.

For, when we have Summ'd up the Atchievements of Heroes Renown'd by Antiquity, We ſhall find their diffuſive Praiſes All Centre in Theſe Sovereign Vertues.

'Twas to Theſe they Rais'd Statues and Temples; and not Satisfy'd with thoſe mouldring Monuments of *Fame*, Perpetuated their Memory by Ever-Living Hiſtories, Panegyricks, and POEMS.

To which Honour Nothing can be Added, But that which Tranſcends them All; that They are perſuant to the Principle and Practice of the BEST OF QUEENS, Her MAJESTY of *Great Britain*.

Therefore, under ſo National a Happineſs, 'tis the proper Province of Poets to preſent the People with the Beſt *Memorials* They can raiſe, to excite them to a Thankful Remembrance of Such Bleſſings, That being One likely Means of having them *long* Continu'd.

And if, on the preſent Occaſion, the Delightfulneſs of the Subject has Tranſported me beyond my uſual Reſervedneſs, I ſhall only Repeat my Plea Already made for Pardon from the Worthy * Perſon, to whoſe Learning and Judgment I am moſt Oblig'd, and therefore moſt Accountable, in any Matter of the Muſes. * *Dr.* GIBBONS.

Forgive me, Great Director of my Song;
*Long may* You *Live*, *that* Others *may Live Long*;
Whoſe Skilful Search of Learning's Secret Store,
Furniſh'd my Favour'd Muſe, and Taught her More
Than *Horace* and *Roſcommon* had before.
Forgive, if now the Claſſic Road ſhe quit,
For Precipices of Advent'rous Wit:
If Fancy has a Daring Flight Aſpir'd,
'Tis what the Theme, the Glorious Theme, Requir'd.

To Celebrate the Worthies of her own Age and Nation, is Certainly One of the Uſefulleſt Methods in which a Muſe can employ her Talent; becauſe it is Doing Juſtice to Living Merit, and Tranſmitting its Glorious Example to Poſterity.

Mine, I confeſs, has but too much Reaſon to dread the Difficulty of ſuch Attempts; yet in This Effort of Duty and Reſpect to His ROYAL HIGHNESS, ſhe can juſtly challenge that Ancient Privilege for a Favourable Reception, *viz. In Magnis Rebus vel* Conatus *Laudari debet.*

*Claudian* has mention'd the Two principal Pillars of Panegyric, which He thought Singly Sufficient to ſupport his Prince's Encomium — *Ingenium Autoris vel Stiliconis Amor.* And however I may have fail'd in the Former, I am Aſſur'd, that no Perſon can ſurpaſs me in the Latter.

In a Seaſon of Continu'd *Sun-Shine*, 'tis Natural for Halcyons to exert their Harmony; and in ſo bright a Train of NAVAL SUCCESSES, as have, ſo Early in the Year, Occaſion'd a * Double Diſappointment of the Common Enemy's Deſigns, together with a freſh and ſignal Victory by the Conduct and Bravery of his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH; in Theſe Proſperous and Promiſing Circumſtances of ſpeedily ſeeing the Pious Endeavours of Our Moſt Gracious QUEEN and PRINCE Compleated in a happy Reſtauration of the Peace and Liberty of *EUROPE*, 'Tis no Wonder to hear the Congratulating Muſes Sing —.

'Thro'

* *In his intended Invaſion of* North Britain, *and breaking his Meaſures in* Spain.

Thro' Field and Flood Our Royal Pair maintain
Pacifick Empire, juſt as Here They Reign;
Make Foreign Courts, by Their Deciſive Doom,
Practiſe the Juſtice which They act at Home.
Hence All with Joy Their Riſing Glories ſee,
Such Strength Entruſted with ſuch PIETY;
While from their well-plac'd Pow'r PROTECTION Flows,
And with Their Grandeur the World's WELFARE Grows.

FINIS.